

DELL

NOV.-DEC.

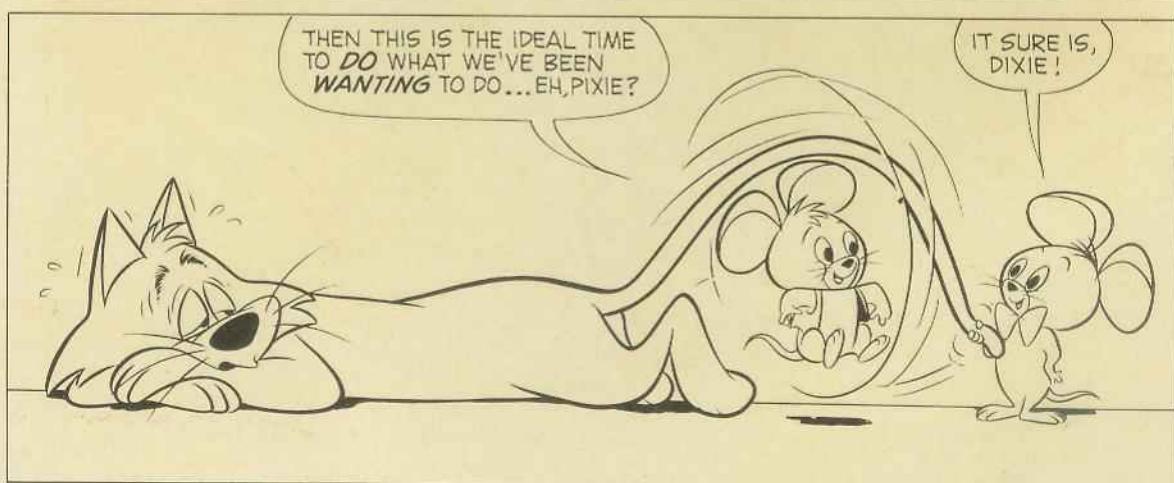
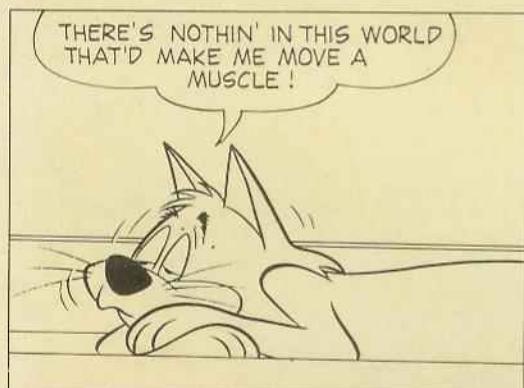
Still 10¢

Huckleberry Hound



PIXIE, DIXIE and MR. JINKS

A CAT TALE



Huckleberry Hound

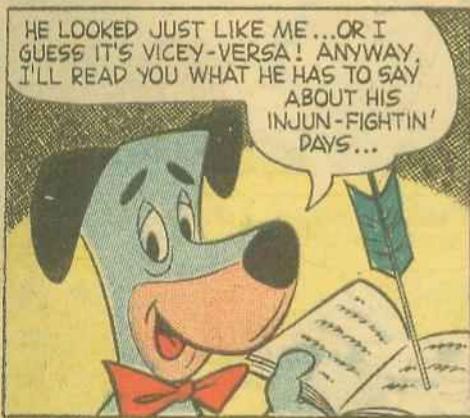
SIMPLY GRAND GRANDDADDY



Y'KNOW, IF DIARIES COULD TALK. I'LL BET THIS ONE WOULD BE YELLIN' 'OUCH!' IT BELONGED TO MY GRANDDADDY! HE WAS AN INJUN-FIGHTER TYPE FELLER BACK IN THE DAYS WHEN THE WEST WAS WILD AND WOOLLY!



HE LOOKED JUST LIKE ME ... OR I GUESS IT'S VICEY-VERSA! ANYWAY, I'LL READ YOU WHAT HE HAS TO SAY ABOUT HIS INJUN-FIGHTIN' DAYS...



"IT WAS MONDAY MORNIN', AND AS USUAL, THINGS WERE REALLY HOPPIN' AT TH' OL' FORT..."



"MONDAY WAS WASHDAY, SO NATURALLY I WAS CLEANIN' MY GUN!"

OH, SCRUB-A-DUB-DUB... MAH SIX-SHOOTER'S IN TH' TUB! ♫♪



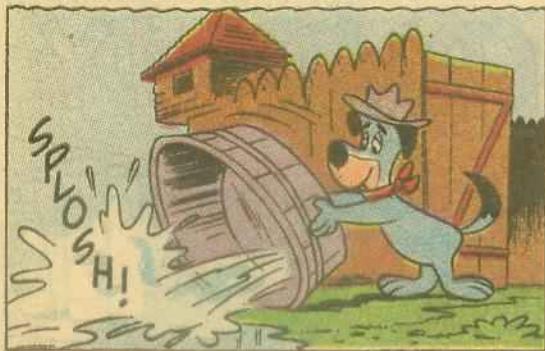
HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

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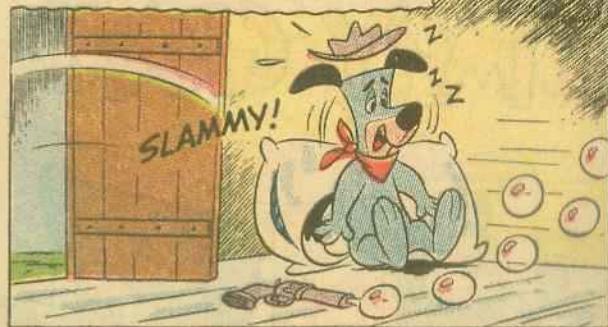
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"I FINISHED EXTRA EARLY, AND HAD A BIG TIME PLANNED FOR THE REST OF THE DAY..."



"BUT I DIDN'T GET VERY FAR WITH MY SIESTA, 'CAUSE JUST THEN THE DOOR BURST WIDE OPEN... ALONG WITH MY EYES!"



"IT WAS ONE OF OUR VERY BEST SCOUTS, LOOKIN' HIS VERY WORST!"

GUESS WHAT!

WALL, EITHER IT'S INJUN TROUBLE OR ELSE YOU'RE PLAYIN' A LI'L JOKE ON ME!



THIS IS FOR REAL! CHIEF CRAZY COYOTE IS ON THE WAR PATH!

TCH! LET'S GO TELL THE GENERAL!



GENERAL BUSTER, SIR... GUESS WHAT!

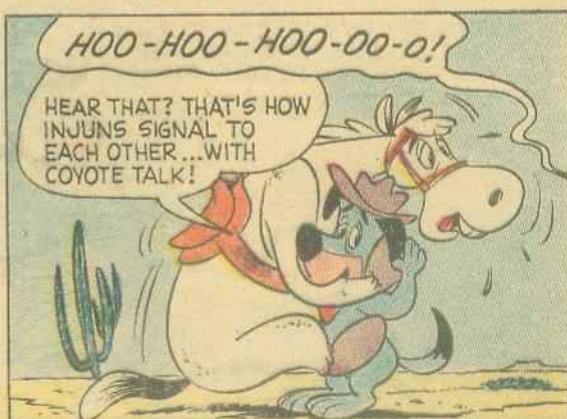
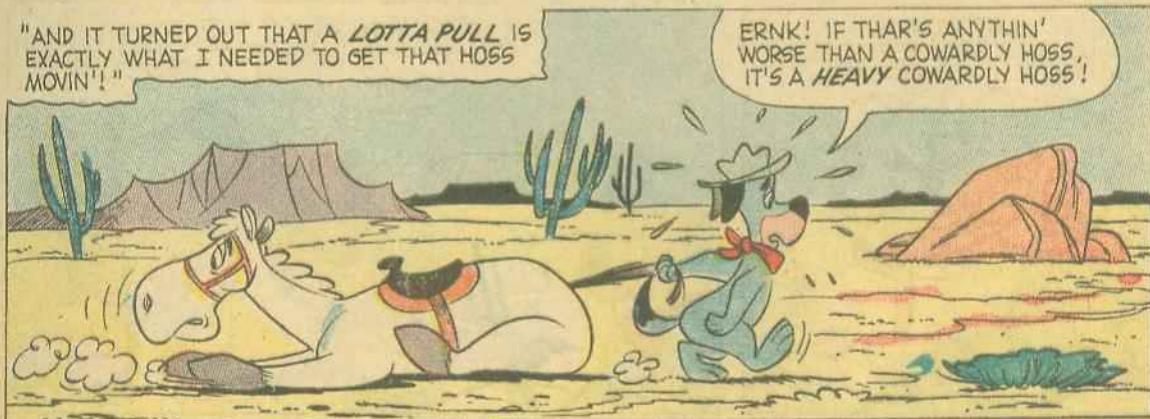
I ALREADY KNOW, ALREADY!

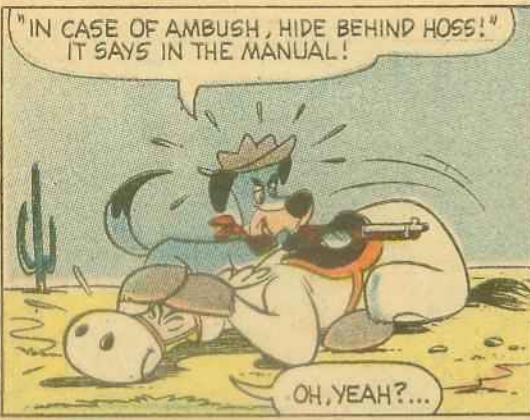


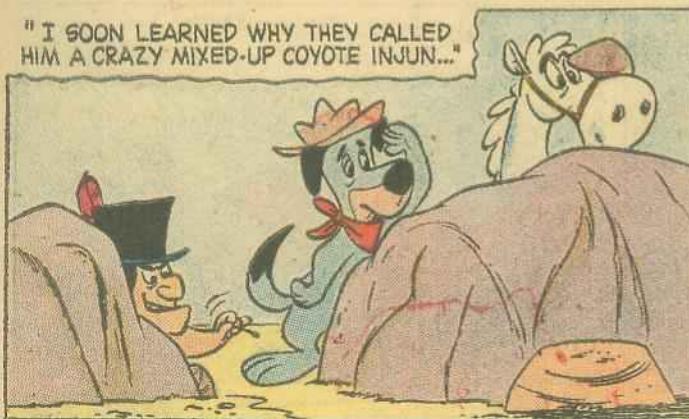
NOW THEN, PRIVATE, I NEED A VOLUNTEER TO VOLUNTEER FOR A YOU-WON'T-COME-BACK-ALIVE-TYPE MISSION!

UH-OH! THAT TYPE, EH?

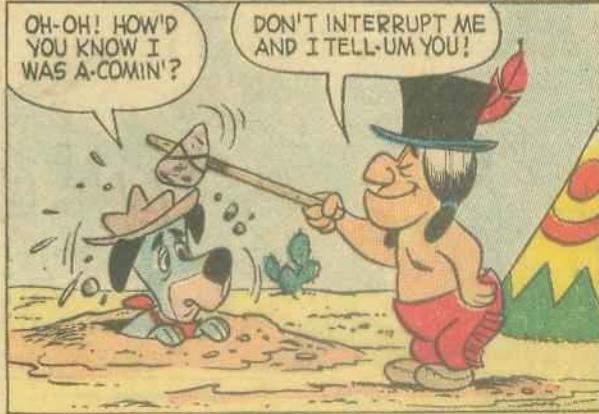


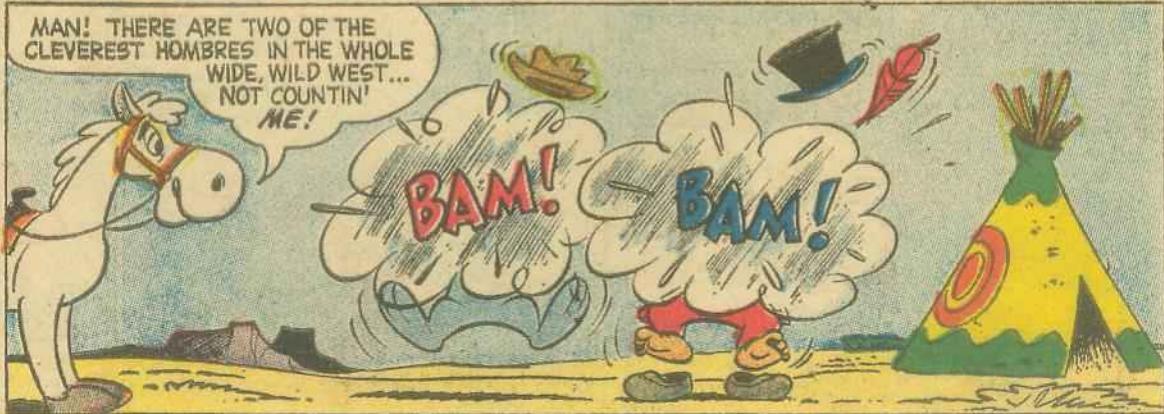




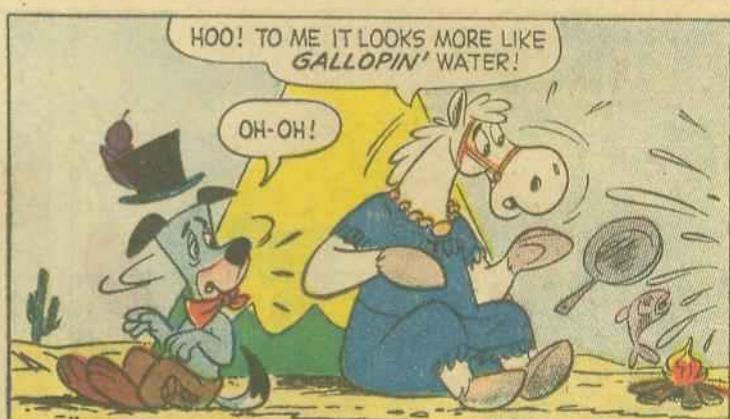














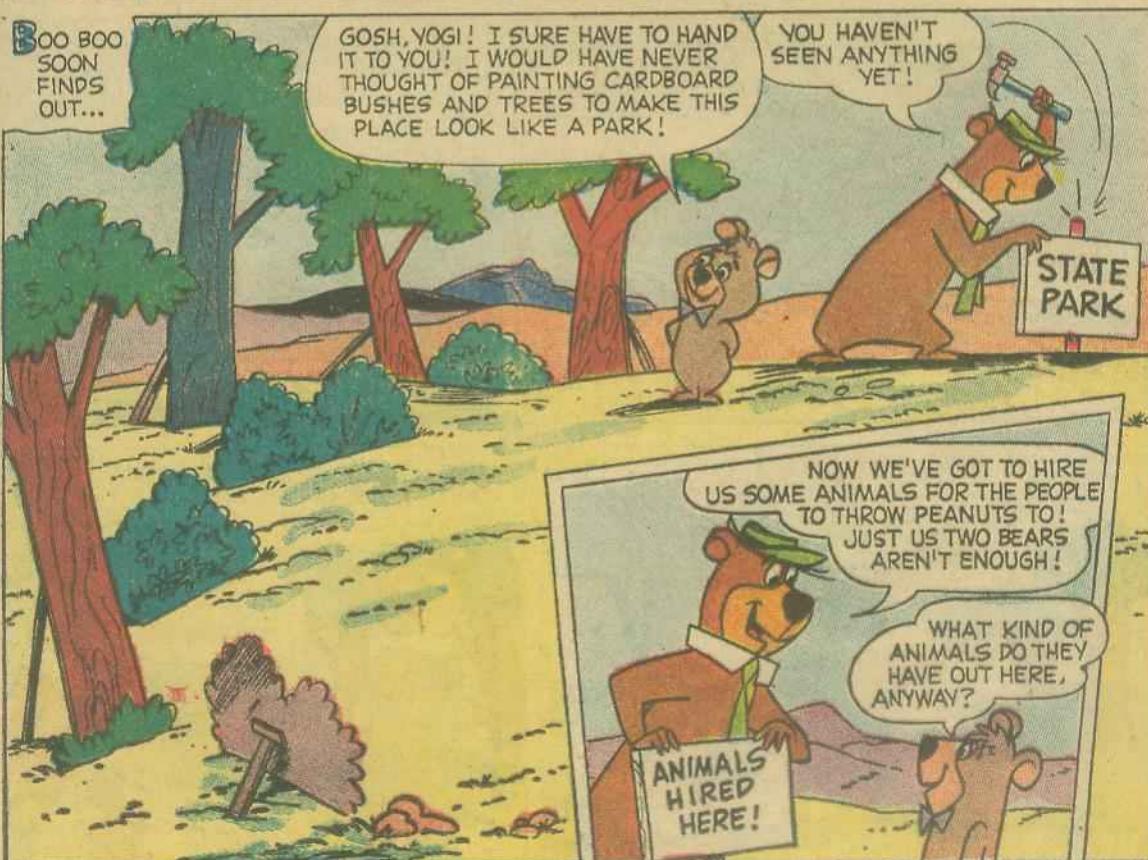
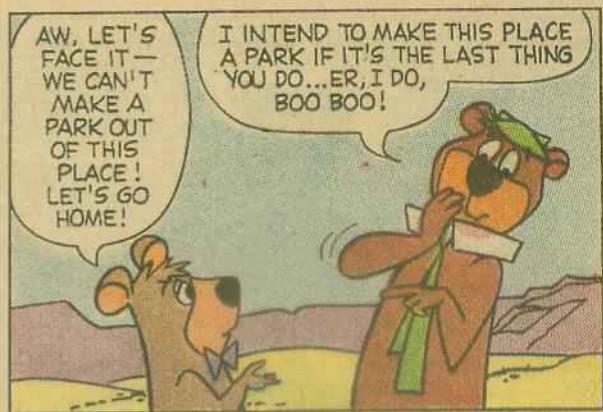
YOGI
BEAR

TOO MANY RULES

















PIXIE, DIXIE
and MR. JINKS

JUMPING JACK JINKS

HOPPO
WORLD'S CHAMPION
JUMPER

WILL MEET
ALL COMERS!

OUT JUMPO HIM AND
\$ WIN BIG CASH PRIZE! \$

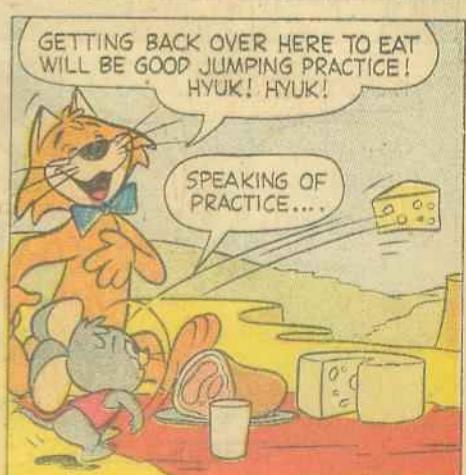


I'M REFERRING TO A COUPLE OF
REAL NERVOUS-TYPE MEECES!
THEY'RE THE JUMPIEST!



WE'LL SEE WHICH ONE OF THE LITTLE BOUNDERS
CAN JUMP THE FARthest! (CHUCKLE!)













One morning following a rainstorm, Biddy Buddy discovered to his surprise that one of the fishes who usually swam in his pond was missing.

"Wak!" he quacked with concern to Mother Duck. "Where do you suppose he went? He's never left his home before."

"I know," Mother Duck replied with a worried ruffle of her tail feathers. "Last night's storm flooded the river. Maybe he was swept downstream by the current and all the fallen branches in the water."

"Is it all right if I go and look for him?" Biddy asked hopefully.

"All right, dear, but don't go too far away," Mother cautioned.

Biddy Buddy thanked his mother and swam out of the protection of their pond and into the current of the river.

He poked his head under water, looking to right and left as he swam, but even after a full hour spent in searching, he hadn't found the fish.

Biddy hopped up on a floating log to rest for awhile, and as his gaze traveled further down the river, he spied a familiar-looking fish in an isolated pond that had been created by the recent flood waters. Biddy quickly plopped into the water again and made his way over to the edge of the pond.

"That's the same fish who was in my pond, all right!" he clucked with dismay as he peered into the water.

Biddy looked around and saw that the entrance to the pond had been sealed off by the receding flood, and now the fish was trapped inside.

"Oh, dear!" he moaned. "How am I ever going to help Mr. Fish out of there? I can see he's trying to get back to the river by

himself, but he just can't make it, even though it's only a few yards away."

Biddy Buddy waddled back to the river, determined to find somebody who could solve the problem.

He tried his best, but discovered to his sorrow that nobody could figure out a way to help him.

As he swam slowly back towards the pond, he passed a group of beavers busily felling trees with their sharp teeth. He explained his plight to one of them.

"I might be able to dig a channel from the pond to the river," the beaver said thoughtfully, "but, golly, I just don't have the time to do it now. I've got to repair the damage done to my home by the flood or it's liable to wash completely away."

Biddy's eyes glowed with a sudden idea. "You can get wood and help the fish at the same time," he said excitedly. "Follow me!"

The beaver followed Biddy back to the pond, and Biddy pointed to a tree near the edge. "There's a nice tree for you," he explained, "and it'll help Mr. Fish, if you can make it fall into the pond."

"That's easy," the beaver nodded.

Biddy shooed the fish to the edge of the pond closest to the river while the beaver worked.

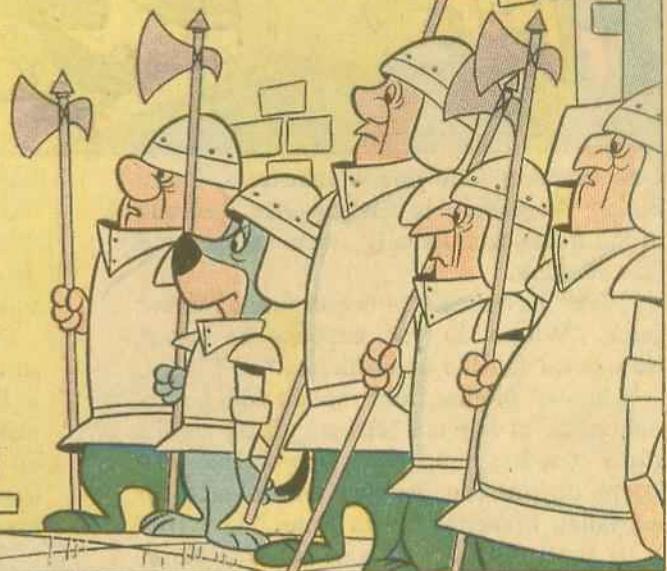
Some time later, the tree fell into the pond with a great splash. The fish went flying into the air with the spraying water and plopped right into the river, just as Biddy had hoped he would.

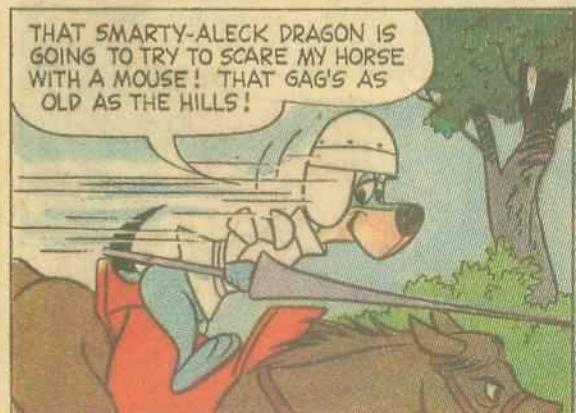
"Wak!" Biddy quacked as he thanked the beaver for his help. "Mr. Fish will be able to do a little bragging to his friends from now on. He'll be able to tell them that he's the only *flying fish* in the whole river!"

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

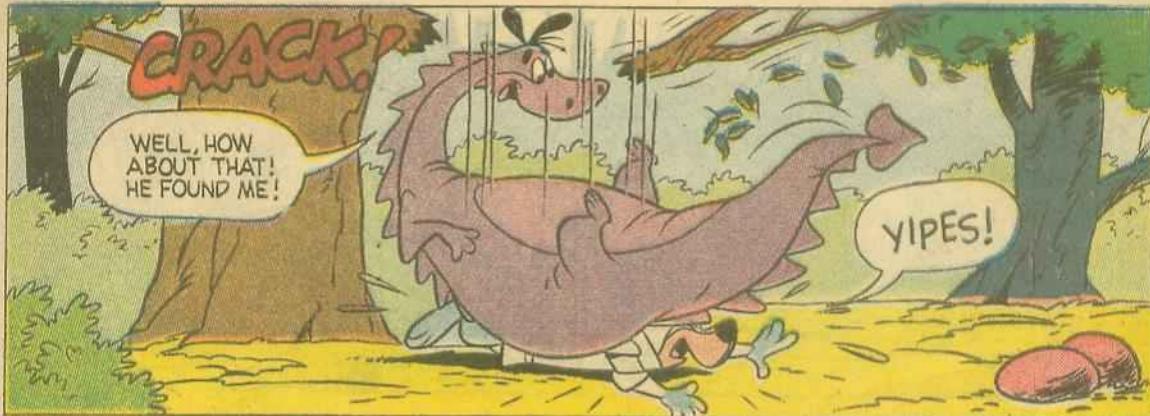
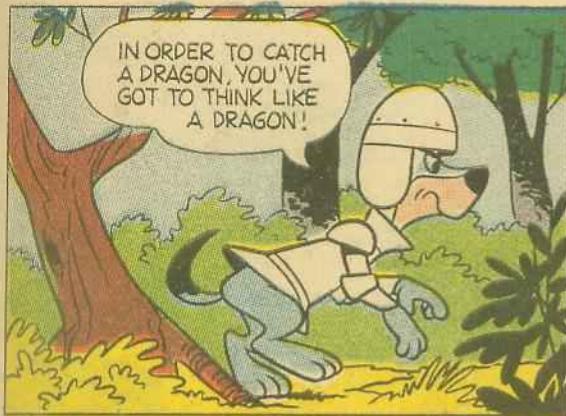
SIR HUCKLEBERRY and the DRAGON

BRAVE KNIGHTS, THERE IS A FIRE-EATING DRAGON IN MY KINGDOM! IF THERE IS ONE AMONG YOU WHO WILL VOLUNTEER TO CAPTURE THE BEAST, LET HIM STEP FORWARD!











HUCK and YOGI

HIS HEE-RO

HEY, HUCK!

CAN'T TALK TO
YOU NOW, YOGI!
GOTTA HURRY!



MUST BE
SOMETHIN'
IMPORTANT!
I BETTER
SEE WHAT'S
UP!



WHAT'S GOING
ON, HUCK?

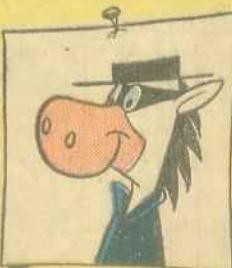
I SHORE DON'T WANT TO
MISS THE "MASKED RIDER"
TONIGHT! NO INDEEDY!

TONIGHT?
WHAT'S SO
SPECIAL
ABOUT
SEEING
HIM
TONIGHT?



IT'S HALLOWEEN, AND I WANT TO
SEE IF HE'LL BE WEARIN' A DIFFERENT
MASK!

The
MASKED
RIDER

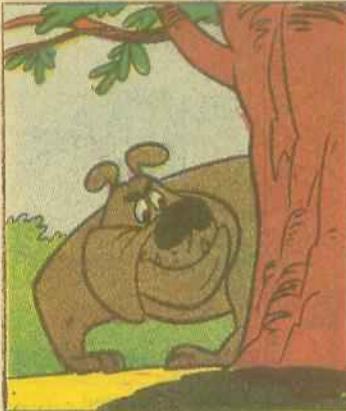


MY HEERO

HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

SUBSTITUTE RUNNER

HUCK HOUND MAGICIAN



HUCKLEBERRY HOUND

SMILE, PLEASE

